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Equal Laws, Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—the Constitution and its Currency.

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WHOLE NO. 621.

LAST PRAYER.

Upon Time's outer verge I stand, while laves
My feet eternity's immortal waves,
Knowing that all things which have been before
Shall be to me no more,
That dreams, emotions, vanities, desires,
Hope's incense on the altar of youth's fires,
And man's ambitions, that have been before
Shall be no more;
No more the grief,
The sting, the passion, penitence, relief,
Sweet memories, the pearls of life's brief story—
Sad memories, that dim the rising glory—
Joys which are spent, and sorrows gone before,
No more, no more.

Oh, God! before I go,
Permit my heart its new-born zeal to know,
To know and understand, as well as feel—
My soul within this mantle broad and rest
To wrap itself from woe—
A day, an hour, a moment yet impart
To hear the prayers of my o'erburdened heart—
Withhold the swoop of thy suspended sword,
One moment yet, O Lord.

O spirit mine!
How many hearts have mingled, dust with dust,
Since first inspired me with immortal trust,
Thy spark divine?
How many dwell in rapture or in woe
Where now I go?
And each hath felt in turn, as I to-night,
Remorse, dread, hope, peace, confidence, delight—
Each one, alone, hath trod the path to God,
Which all have trod.
Nor found the road of all who turned to pray
So difficult, when reason led the way,
And I, though at this hour I know not why,
Have always deemed it difficult to die—
This body, which my soul shall know no more,
This body, which I feel me to restore.

But now, at last
The future's radiant beams dispel the Past,
And within the lid
Of Heaven's mysterious eye an Error hid,
While angel voices, I can hear them, hymn
A requiem—
Error may be the sin and shame of Time,
But, not the crime—
May cloud the soul with shadows, but may not
Its glory blot—
May her eternal light, to earth akin,
But never that within
Hear and forgive,
O Lord, the penitent, whose time is near—
The suppliant, who soon shall cease to live,
Forgive and hear,
My heart recalls its visions from the past,
The earliest and the last—
The brilliant hues that streaked the morning skies—
The morning wings on which I sought to rise—
The falling effort, and the soothing balm,
The restoration to its early calm—
The pause, the flight, the sudden ebb, the flow,
The progress, and the end of all below—
All seemed restored, commingled into one,
The transient rainbow of my setting sun—
And all how vividly in that recall
I see, I feel that vanity of all,
Rejoicing that, what'er of wrong there be,
Thou seest, and none else have need to see—
Thou knowest, and none else can ever know,
The guilt, abatement, pain, repentance, woe.

O father, spare
The soul that passeth now all mortal care,
Receive, and bless
The spirit here released from earth's career—
In mercy bend
Thine eyes upon the voyager towards his end,
And lift his heart,
From out the dust of which it bears no part—
Forgive and hear,
O Lord the penitent whose time is near,
The suppliant, who shall cease to live,
Hear and forgive.

THE GOVERNOR AND HIS BED-FELLOWS.

Among the many ludicrous mistakes and occurrences which have been related as growing out of the extreme plainness and simplicity of the dress, appearance, habits and tastes of Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, the following was told by one of the Governor's contemporaries many years ago, and subsequently by another, with so much minuteness as to remove all doubts of its authenticity:

One fall, when the Legislature was to meet at Norwich, we think it was, the Governor, who lived in Williston, took it into his head to go on foot to his post of official duty, a distance of about eighty miles. Accordingly, making up his pack, he started off on foot and alone on his destination, and brought up at the night at the log house of a new settler, into which he entered and craved lodgings for the night.

"Well, stranger," said the settler in reply, after eyeing the new comer an instant, "we haven't much to eat, and but one bed for myself and wife, but you look as if you might put up with a dish of bread and milk, and sleep on the floor without hurting you."

"Oh! certainly," said the Governor, "as hungry and as tired as I am, with a night so dark as this without, I shall be thankful to stay even at that."

In pursuance of this arrangement, the Governor, without making himself known, partook of the proffered meal, camped down on the floor with his pack for a pillow, and was soon buried in slumber.

During the night there was a driving shower, which though it did not awaken any of the hard sleepers within, was yet so severe as to rout out an old sow, with a litter of pigs, from their nest in the yard, when the restless animal in search of dryer quarters, began rooting at the door, which she at length forced open wide enough for an entrance, and, coming in, lay down with her well washed brood, by the side of the still unawakened Governor, who snored on till day light, when he awoke, and for the first time became

aware of the presence of his bed fellows. He did not disturb them, however, or his humane entertainers, but silently strapping on his pack and leaving a half crown, for his lodgings, on the table proceeded on his journey.

The settler was considerably mortified when he arose and saw how matters had been, but thought not much of it, till two days after, when having concluded to go himself to "Lecton," and having reached the place just as the ceremonies were commencing, who should he see at the head of the procession, but the plain-looking foot-ped who had fared so oddly at his house.

"Who—is that man walking there with the big-bugs in front?" he eagerly asked of an acquaintance.

"Why, don't you know? That is the Governor."

"The Governor? Governor Chittenden?"

"Yes, but what is there about him that disturbs you so much?"

"Oh, nothing—only a strange circumstance, and by the by, what will my wife say?"

"Why, what was it?"

"We'll consider, I guess, if the Governor don't tell on't I won't!"

And he did not, said our informant, but the Governor did, and had many a hearty laugh about it.

GEOLOGY.

There is little doubt that every piece of coal is a piece of tree. This conclusion is arrived at by various experiments. When coal or wood is burned ashes of similar kinds are the result. Coal inspected by means of a microscope is found to have cells the same as wood. Wood immersed in water or buried in the ground turns black, and becomes more like coal the longer it so remains. All coal is from wood. It is sometimes found a thousand feet from the surface of the earth, covered by layers of rock. This mineral is widely distributed. No Continent but Africa, is free from it, and so little is known of that Continent, that it cannot be positively said that coal does not exist there. In the southern portion of Europe and in Great Britain it is quite abundant, and it is found in Sweden. It is found also in Asia and in many of the islands of the sea. There is vastly more on this than any other Continent. It extends from New Brunswick to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Alleghany Mountains to Vancouver's Island. Near the Alleghany Mountains is the largest coal formation in the world. It is about 780 miles in length by about 200 miles in width. It contains about 63,000 square miles; the second bed in extent is that known as the Illinois coal field—so called because a great portion of it is in the territory of that State. It contains 50,000 square miles. The third is in Michigan, extending from lake to lake, and is fifteen thousand square miles in extent. There are similar beds in other sections. The quantity of coal in England bears no comparison in quantity to that in the United States. There is more coal deposited on the continent, so far as is known, than in all other parts of the world. Six millions tons of coal are yearly raised in the United States. In England thirty-five millions are annually mined and the beds in that country are not so easily worked as are those in this country. These shafts are settled at great depths, with pumps to keep the mines dry. In this country the coal veins are nearer horizontal the Lehigh and Monongahela coal beds especially are so favorable for working that coal is mined at 4 cents per ton. It is transported at about \$2 42 cents per ton. The balance of the price paid can be accounted for by the original price in the bed and the profits of dealers. It is ascertained that vegetable matter has drifted down from the highlands to the ocean, and been covered up by the deposits of sand from coal. Fish are found above and below these coal formations. The lecturer also spoke of the more rapid growth of vegetables at the period in the creation at which these formations took place. But now such changes have taken place in the temperature, and a purification has occurred in the atmosphere, that the growth does but a little more than keep pace with the decay constantly going on in the vegetable kingdom. He remarked, also, upon the different qualities of coal, and exhibited several of the finer kinds. No coal is now being formed, owing to the change of climate and the purification of the atmosphere, as above stated. The lecturer stated the theory of Geology, concerning the appearances of the earth at the time these formations were going on. The continent of America was ocean, and the Pacific Ocean was principally islands. The islands of the Pacific were more numerous, and larger, than at present.—*Dr. Antiehl.*

The "Minnesota Pioneer" states that there are in that vicinity vast bodies of beautiful white sand, from which a superior article of glass may be manufactured. The average price of a serf in Russia, is seventy-five dollars.

From the London Examiner. THE NEW FRENCH EMPRESS.

Senorita Eugenia de Teba, or as she is more usually known, Mlle de Montijo, is the daughter of a nobleman who belonged to one of the most eminent families of the Spanish aristocracy—that of Palafox—and who distinguished himself in the civil war of 1823, under the title of the Count de Teba. At the time he became acquainted with Miss Maria Kirkpatrick, the dashing and handsome daughter of a Scotch gentleman, who held the post of Consul of the United States at Malaga. A love affair and a romantic marriage was the consequence. The new-made Empress is the daughter of this Spanish grandee and Maria Kirkpatrick, who is still living, a widow, and who accompanies her daughter on her present visit to Paris, where she has appeared under the title of Countess de Teba. After the marriage, in 1823, the death of an elder brother conferred upon the Count, along with a score of other titles, that of Montijo, by which name, since her first appearance in fashionable life, the daughter has been generally distinguished. She also inherits a handsome fortune, her independent income being something like \$30,000 a year. The father died some years since, leaving two daughters; the elder now wears, by marriage, the title of Duchess of Alva and Berwick, than which the Spanish nobility can boast nothing more elevated.

For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about twenty-five, has enjoyed at Madrid the reputation of an exceedingly fast woman. Tall, graceful, of statuesque symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn, or rather red hair, pale complexion, which has lately stood in need of a little rouge, great electrical eyes of a brown so deep and radiant as to pass for black, rather long and aristocratic features, a large but exquisitely sculptured nose, a lovely mouth, and teeth of dazzling whiteness, she is a type of admirable beauty, which a languid and blasé air hardly diminishes. Endowed with uncommon wit and spirit, she speaks French, Italian and German with as much fluency as Spanish. A proficient in exercises of strength and address, she rides with the boldest, and drives four-in-hand with the most skillful.

At Madrid it was the habit of our heroine to bid defiance to public opinion, as the whim might seize her. She used to appear alone in public, driving her own carriage. She had a separate establishment in her mother's palace inviting and receiving company without consulting her mother, and often refusing access even to her relatives. Once her mother forced her door, despite the remonstrances of the servant, who protested that the Countess wanted to be alone. To her great amazement she found that her daughter was missing. For twenty-four hours the young lady did not appear, and when she returned coolly informed her afflicted parent, who had loudly expressed her fears that there had been an elopement, that she had been away on an errand!

On another occasion, the whim takes her to pay a special compliment to literature, and her carriage stops at the door of Senor Escosura, one of the most prominent of living Spanish authors, who was some years since a Minister of the Crown. "Good morning my dear sir," was her salutation to the astonished literateur: "I have come to breakfast with you, in order to have a talk on literature and poetry." A few weeks later, Escosura gave a dinner to a number of literary men—artists and actors—at which the Countess was present without her mother or any other lady as chaperon. She was the life of the party, making speeches and giving toasts with the loudest. Among the guests was a third-rate French actor, named Laferriere, who had had great success in Madrid. He was from the Theatre Historique in Paris. She took a fancy to him, and had a long conversation with him. When the time for leaving came, "Well," said the Countess, "my carriage is here, and I will take M. Laferriere to his hotel." The young man was a little abashed at such a courtesy from such a lady; but she insisted, and they departed together.

Mlle de Montijo was also a great sports-woman, and very popular, of course, among the torreadors, or bull-fighters. She was present at all the bull-fights in Madrid, where she used to wear the most magnificent costume of a *Maja de Sevilla*, something like that of Mlle Soto, in the ballet of the same name at Niblo's, but much more characteristic. A very large and high comb at the top of the head, with wreaths of roses falling each side, mixed with the hair, a profusion of diamonds, necklaces, bracelets and rings; a very showy and tight waist; cut low in the neck, and with bare arms; a very short skirt, open-work stockings with colored embroidery, and very small embroidered slippers. When she appeared in the circus, she was saluted by all the torreadors, and exchanged with them the most cordial greetings. "To thee, Countess de Teba, I dedicate my love and

my prowess!" they would exclaim, waiting kisses toward the young lady. "Bravo, Antonio! Bravo, Jose! Well fought my boys," and other words of the most liberal approbation, were the answer. In all such scenes there was a considerable display of Spanish frankness, which would have been very shocking to the sense of propriety of American ladies.

Like all fast women, our Countess found a matrimonial establishment difficult to obtain. Once she courted the Duke of Osuna, the richest grandee of Spain, but he declined the honor. Disappointed in this scheme, she received the addresses of a young noble of Castile, and was nearly engaged to marry him. But she could not help flirting at the same time; and once, when this young man was in her drawing room, she went so far, in her coquetry with another, that the former aspirant for her hand seized a chair and threw it at her head, saying, with the most opprobrious epithets, that he would not marry her for the world. The insult was resented by the last object of her attentions, and two or three duels were the consequence. The result of all the acts of dashing eccentricity, and of all these scandals, and of others quite as notorious was, that it would have been little less than impossible for Mlle de Montijo to marry a gentleman of her own rank in Spain.

For three or four years past, Mlle de Montijo has been wont to spend the winter in Paris where her conduct has been much more circumspect than at Madrid. Still, she has never gained an entry into the aristocratic circles of the Faubourg St. Germain. But she was compensated for this exclusion by the cordiality with which she was received at the Elysee, and by the profound impression she made upon its master. From the first she inspired Louis Napoleon with an ardent passion, which justified her resolution to become his wife, and share the glories that destiny had in reserve for him. In accordance with this determination, she steadily rejected other proposals, without regard to their magnificence. It was recently reported at Paris, a few months ago, that her reply to his protestations of love had been: "Prince, I am of too good a family to be your mistress;" and, if the saying be not exactly true in fact, there is no doubt that it is so in spirit. Litterally the attentions of the lover have increased in zeal, and the position of the lady in his court has been more marked than ever. She was the heroine of every festival: during the recent excursions of the court to Compiegne, she stood at its head, as the bright, particular star of the imperial admiration, and there are not wanting those who predicted her marriage with Napoleon. Still the lover hesitated. He adored, he worshipped, yet he didn't come up to the mark. But the Countess was not discouraged. She is too skillful an actress to be at fault in such an emergency. She announced the approaching departure of herself and her mother for Madrid. The result was the proposal of marriage, the appointment of the day, the announcement to the ministers and the world that the Countess was to be his wife, and, no doubt, ere this, the *Revue* of Madrid and the grand-daughter of the former U. S. Consul at Malaga has become EUGENIA, Empress of the French. It is said that a gipsy once predicted that she would be elevated to a throne, after the fashion of the famous prediction of the negroes to Josephine. It remains to be seen how far the future will complete the parallel between the wives of the two Napoleons.

THE WAR ABOUT TYPES.—On the 28th of July, 1830, the three glorious days commenced in Paris. Charles X. had issued an illegal proclamation to prevent the publication of the Paris journals. On the 27th the editors attempted to issue their papers, but the royal police and armed troops seized them, and destroyed their types and presses. The printers organized resistance, and prepared for a resort to physical force. On the 28th the fighting began, the people behaved very bravely, but the hot and cold court the people and flatter the prince, lawyers and legislators waver. Perrier, Guizot, and Dupin acted a mean and pitiful part. Lafayette arrived in Paris, was made commander-in-chief, the millions conquered, the English whig aristocracy praised their moderation, but have caused many good men to be choked in cold blood since then, or transported to a convict prison abroad. Louis Philippe, a Bourbon, was trusted, crowned, and soon betrayed the French, and made their political and social condition more miserable.—*Mackenzie's Message.*

BOUNDARIES.—Governor Seymour recommends to the Legislature of New York the passage of a law providing for the survey of the state, and the establishment of permanent monuments, which will serve for the determination of magnetic variations, so as to determine boundaries with accuracy.

Brigham Young: the Mormon, has married his twenty-fourth wife.

From the N. Y. Home Journal. HAVE WE A BOURBON AMONG US?

This question, asked in an article in *Putnam's Monthly*, for February, continues to be eagerly discussed in all the circles of the city. It will set all Europe talking. For the sake of those of our readers who have not read it, we will give a brief statement of the contents of the startling paper to which we refer. Louis XVI. espoused Marie Antoinette, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., in 1773. On the 10th May, 1744, Louis ascended the French throne. Therese Charlotte, the first child of the ill-fated pair, was born December, 1778; a second child, who died early, was born 1781; and Charles Louis, the Dauphin of revolutionary history, came into the world, March 25th, 1785. The history of his child, his beauty and his sufferings are familiar to all. Carlyle, in his "French Revolution," alludes to the unhappy prince in the following terms:—"The royal family is now reduced to two—a girl and a little boy. The boy, once named Dauphin, was taken from his mother, while she yet lived, and given to one Simon, by trade a cordwainer, on service then about the temple-prison, to bring him up in principles of *anaccolutism*. Simon taught him to drink, to swear, to sing the *carmagnole*. Simon is now gone to the municipality; and the poor boy, hidden in a tower of the temple, from which, in his fright and bewilderment, and early decrepitude, he wishes not to stir out, lies perishing; 'his shirt not changed for six months,' amid squalor and darkness, lamentably—so as none but poor factory children and the like are wont to perish, and not be lamented."

The object of the article in *Putnam* is to show that the Dauphin did not die, as all Europe believed, but was brought to America an idiot, that he recovered his reason, and still lives, and that the Rev. Eleazer Williams, an Episcopal missionary among the Indians at Green Bay, is the person. The writer of the article is the Rev. J. H. Hanson, also of the Episcopal church. It is introduced by a letter from the Rev. Dr. Hawks, who testifies to the worth and veracity both of Mr. Hanson and Mr. Williams. Mr. Hanson, who had heard some rumors of Mr. Williams' claim, sought an interview with him, of which he gives an interesting account. He was thus induced to investigate the subject thoroughly, and to bring it before the public. It is not necessary to follow Mr. Hanson through all his argument, but we will just state the results at which he thinks he has arrived:—"1st. That the Prince de Joinville, on his arrival in this country, inquired for Mr. Williams, and sought and obtained an interview with him at Green Bay, in which, after demanding a conditional pledge of secrecy, he required of him a resignation of the crown of France, as his legitimate heir, in favor of Louis Philippe, and afterwards corresponded with him through his secretaries. 2d. That after the Prince's return, Louis Philippe wrote with his own hand to Mr. Williams. 3d. That Belanger, in 1848, confessed, when dying, that he brought the Dauphin to this country. 4th. That the French ambassador, Genot, in the presence of Dr. Francis and others, acknowledged that the Dauphin was both alive, and in this country, and in the State of New York in 1817. 5th. That Le Ray de Chaumont, who, according to Genot's statement, was acquainted with the affair, had much dealing with the Indians in the neighborhood where Mr. Williams was brought up, once in conversation with him, made a remote allusion to the Dauphin. 6th. That Colonel de Ferrier, one of the body guard of Louis XVI., married, and resided among the Indians at Onondaga, where a considerable part of Mr. Williams' life was spent and that he and Le Ray believed a member of Louis XVIth's family to be in an indigent condition in America. 7th. That the Abbe de Colonne, resident at Trois Rivieres, near Caughnawaga, believed the Dauphin to be alive, and in America, and that Bishop Chevreuse did the same. 8th. That efforts were made to induce Mr. Williams to return to the Romish Communion, of a nature only explicable on the supposition of his being a more than ordinary person. 9th. That the name of Eleazer Williams is not on the baptismal register at Caughnawaga. 10th. That he closely resembles Louis XVIII. 11th. That various marks on his body correspond exactly with those known to have been on the body of the Dauphin. 12th. That the name of the Dauphin was omitted from the solemnities for the departed Bourbons, in the reign of Louis XVIII. 13th. That the Indian woman, his reputed mother, does not acknowledge him to be her child. 14th. That boxes of clothing and medals of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, were left with the child, one of which is still in Mr. Williams' possession. 15th. That an unknown Frenchman came to see Mr. Williams in youth, and wept over him. 16th. That his board and tuition were regularly paid at Dr. Ely's, when it is known that his reputed father had

neither means nor inclination to do so. 17th. That Williams remembers a conversation on the subject of his education, between Thomas Williams and his wife, in which it was stated that means were provided for the purpose, and another between Thomas Williams and Vanderheyden, in which the fact of a French boy being committed to the care of the former, in 1795, was mentioned. 18th. That he recognized the portraits of Simon the jailer, and of Madame Elizabeth, when unexpectedly placed before him by Professor Day. 19th. That Williams was idiotic at the age of thirteen or fourteen. 20th. That the Dauphin, at the age of ten, was reduced to the same condition by ill treatment. 21st. That since the recovery of his reason, faint, dreamy remembrances of the past have returned to the mind of Mr. W., corresponding to known scenes in the Dauphin's history." To these may be added the fact that Mr. Williams, a plain, honest man, advanced in years, is himself convinced of his right to the title of Louis XVII. He said to Mr. Hanson, at the conclusion of an interview, "You have been speaking with a king to-night."

If the above assertions are facts, Mr. Hanson has made out his case. He has accumulated a mass of evidence, and most of it has a very taking air of probability. There are, however, one or two improbabilities of a striking character. It seems improbable that the Orleans' family, would have revealed to Mr. Williams a secret which might very easily deprive them of the throne; and still more improbable, that if the Prince de Joinville did have the magnanimity to do so, he would permit his kinsman to remain in poverty and obscurity, particularly now that the family are in exile, and have slight reason to expect again to rule over France. On the other hand, it is incredible that a clergyman would make a statement of which the next steamer but one could bring the refutation. The Prince de Joinville still lives in England, and he will, doubtless, either deny Mr. Williams' assertions, or, by his silence, admit them. In the present condition of France, the affair is more interesting than important; but an unexpected turn of events might make it a question to be discussed not merely by the *fronde*, but at cabinet councils, and to be decided, not in newspapers and magazines, but at barricades and on battle fields.

"If you wish to keep poor," says a Yankee editor, "buy two glasses of ale every day, at five cents each, amounting in one year to \$26.40, smoke three cigars, one after each meal, counting up in the course of the year to \$45.75; keep a big dog, which will consume in a year at least \$15 worth of provision, and a cat \$5 more. Altogether, this amounts to the snug little sum of \$110.25; sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one hundred bushels of coal, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, besides a frock for the baby, and a half a dozen pair of shoes."

THE MONIED INTEREST.—"The little that I know of it has not served to raise my opinion of what is vulgarly called the *monied interest*; I mean that blood-sucker, muckworm, which calls itself the friend of government—that pretends to serve this or that administration, and may be purchased on the same terms, by any administration—that advances money to government, and takes special care of its own emoluments. Under this description I include the whole race of commissaries, jobbers, contractors, clothiers, and remitters. Yet I do not deny that, even with these creatures some management may be necessary."—*Lord Chatham's speech, H. of Peers, 9th Jan. 1770. Corresp. vol. 4, p. 16.*

LOCKING GLASSES.—Glass for mirrors is sometimes tinned instead of being silvered. M. Guiley, of France, has invented a process by which the tin is protected from injury by means of a coat of metal. It is done in the following manner: Lay a coat of varnish on the tin, and over this another of plumbago, when dry place the glass immediately in a vessel containing a solution of sulphate of copper, a battery arranged in the usual manner is applied to this solution, and by this means a coat of copper is deposited on the tinned side of the glass.

WHAT ARE THEY FOR?—The Chicago Press says there are ninety-one banks already operating in Illinois, and twenty-six of them in Chicago. Illinois is resolved on "going through the flint mill" again, we take it.—*Fulton Dem.*

The people of the United States pay as much for imported cigars as they receive for exported wheat; and drink in the form of French brandy, the whole proceeds of the Indian corn exportation. How truly ridiculous!—*Home Journal.*

AUSTRIA.—Radetzky, the Austrian General, it is said has fallen into disgrace, for hesitating to butcher a number of prisoners committed to his charge.